POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE OF NYU ALMA MATER
—BLUE AND GRAY—

Polytechnic, Alma Mater!
Name that fills our hearts with pride.
We are toiling onward, upward,
With you for our help and guide.
You are queen, and with your sceptor,
O’er each loyal heart hold sway,
While we strive to win new honors
For the blue and gray.

Sons and daughters of Poly,
Raise your voices in a joyous song.
Roast her triumphs, sing her praises,
Sing them loud and long.
And when college days are over,
And we’ve said our last farewell,
Then we try to probe the future,
What it holds no one can tell.

When into the world we wander,
Each upon his chosen way,
May we ever prove a credit to the blue and gray.
Sons and daughters of Poly,
Raise your voices in a joyous song.
Roast her triumphs, sing her praises,
Sing them loud and long.

Freshman come and seniors leave her
Yet she ever firm will stay.
Hail, all hail, o Polytechnic,
And the blue and gray.

Lyrics by John R. Brierly (Class of 1910)
Music by John La Barbara